



The Grail

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Volume 18, No. 12

April 1937

A Benedictine Lay Brother's Alphabet

B stands for BATTLE
And for BENEDICT, too,
Who calls to his colors
Young recruits—just like you.

If you'll but enroll
In his age-tested school,
The art of soul-warfare
He'll teach by his Rule.

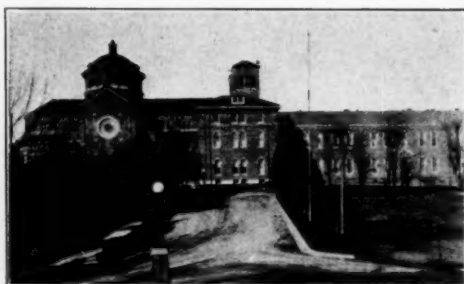
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The Grail

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FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE



DEAR GRAIL READERS,

A few years ago I was coming down the stairway after having ridden on the elevated loop train in Chicago. I thought I was dressed well enough and in good shape generally. However, as I passed along a stair landing a big darkey called out: "Look at your shoes!" Very promptly I did look at them. They weren't so bad. Then I noticed that the darkey had a bootblack outfit. He continued to call out to all that came down the stairs: "Look at your shoes!" It was the most direct and catchy kind of advertising I had ever seen or heard. Those words still ring in my ears quite frequently. Were I a bootblack, this would be my way of getting work. "Look at your shoes!"

Being interested in immortal souls more than in perishable shoe leather, I wonder how similar advertising would be in this higher field. So many persons never look at their souls. Why not remind them? A stalwart figure with earnest mien might stand on some prominent corner where many persons pass and with solemn warning remind folks with the terse sentence: "Look at your soul!"—"Look at your soul!" It would take the courage of the Prophets of old to utter such a warning. Possibly in our days it is hard to find such courage. We do not like to shock people that way. In fact, we do not like to shock even ourselves. Di-

version is doubtless less distressing than introspection.

Still, we need a spiritual x-ray with which to scrutinize our spiritual framework, our soul. If we saw our soul as it really is we might have reason to fear meeting the Maker of it on judgment day. We ourselves ultimately are responsible for the manner in which we bring back to God in the end this precious part of our being. My advice is: "Look at your soul!" Practice introspection. Examine your conscience. Do not wait for a rare prophet with unusual courage to come along and shout the advice to you. Say it to yourself: "Look at your soul!"



Not only ought we to try to keep our soul clean and shining bright. We ought to strive to enrich it constantly. For that purpose time is given to us. Our life span should be filled with good deeds that will make our soul saintly. St. Benedict sums this up most beautifully in a little piece of advice that I am asking you to learn by heart. By repeating it often to yourself you will be enabled to keep busy with worthwhile things. Here is the advice: "We must hasten to do now what will profit us for all eternity."

Yours most cordially,

Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.

Abbot.

Pray, Brother, Pray

Robert Morthorst, O. S. B.

"**Y**OU know," said the Cynic, "I sometimes get the craziest notions and some of the craziest connections while attending Mass. This morning's takes the crocheted spittoon for prize, though."

"I'm all ears," I prompted.

"Well, I wouldn't say that exactly; your mouth takes up a little room."

"As though you had any reason to talk," I retorted.

"I was saying, before I was so rudely interrupted," he continued smugly, "that something sensible and something nonsensical collide in my head once in a while and the result is amazing."

"I can imagine it would be amazing that you had two ideas in your head. Just go on, however, and forget that I exist."

"No such luck," he said glumly but went on anyway.

"This morning I was following the Mass in the Missal and, after about the sixth time the celebrant had said Oremus and after I had read the translation, 'Let us pray,' an equal number of times, something that looked a lot like a skunk wriggled across my mind's eye and I heard it murmuring, 'let us spray,' just like a lot of persons who try to lead prayers."

"Of all the irreverent fools," I began.

He interrupted me, "I know, that's what I came to see you about. Can you give me some other mental connection for the Oremus?"

"O. K.," I said, "but let's take the Orate Fratres instead of the Oremus. That is how far we are in the explanation of the Mass and what can be said of one can be said of the other more or less. Orate Fratres, of course, means Pray, Brethren. The plural form naturally suggests that the admonition is addressed to all those assisting at the Mass. We are all children of one Father, God, and of one Mother, the Church. So the word brethren, or brothers, is not out of place at all."

"However, in our interpretation of the plural form here, we strike a snag. The rubric, or

rule, for the Orate fratres, says that the priest should use only a slightly raised voice. That makes it seem that the words are addressed only to those assembled immediately about the altar: the ministers and the servers. Even if this were the case, though, the people wouldn't be excluded, for the ministers are the representatives of the people and whatever they do they do in the name of the people themselves.

"Some others say, in explanation of the rubric, that when the rule was made it was the common custom for all the priests of a certain place to co-celebrate with one of their number. That is, there would be one Mass in which all the priests would take part in much the same way in which the newly-ordained priests take part in the Ordination Mass celebrated by the Ordaining Bishop. Consequently, if you want to follow this manner of interpretation, the Pray, brethren, is addressed to those priests who are so intimately participating in the Mass."

"However, such an interpretation is not necessary, for we must remember that at the time for the Orate Fratres the Offertory chant is still going on. And it wouldn't be quite the right thing for the priest who is saying Mass to interrupt the choir, of all things."

"The Orate Fratres is only the beginning of a very beautiful prayer. The priest says only the first two words audibly. The remainder he says silently. Very beautifully the prayer expresses that the sacrifice and the prayer is a united effort of the priest and of the people. 'Pray, brethren,' the priest says, 'that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God the Father Almighty.' The priest doesn't say Mass for his own benefit solely. Priest and people are bound together in a communion of sacrifice and prayer. The people, through the servers, express this same thought in their answer to the celebrant's command. 'May the Lord receive this Sacrifice at thy hands.' Then, in the concluding words of their prayer, they

(Turn to page 360)

Girl Lost

Pauline Gay

LOUISE opened her eyes to the curtains blowing as if signalling to someone outside. The air blew upon her promisingly, the air of spring. But it was autumn in her heart. She lay still listening to the sounds outside. Jarvis, the chauffeur, was telling Miss Sullivan how to plant gladiolas.

It was no longer winter. The laughter and shouts of the children next door told her that; the milk wagon had a new sound, too, sort of loose and gay. In winter it had had a cautious, muffled tread.

She couldn't get up. She had to be alone, prone with her grief, in a world of her own, yet in her own room where she had so happily dreamed of the future. She pressed her fingers against her eyes until arcs of light danced in the blackness, and told herself it was only eight months ago—and it seemed like so many centuries!—that she was young and the world was well-ordered, filled with pleasant hopes, dreams and plans. "This couldn't happen to me. It must have happened to someone else," she murmured.

Miss Sullivan—the only mother she knew—came into the room and asked: "Louise, will you drive me to Mary Ryan's funeral?"

"Get Jarvis to drive you, Sully. I have an engagement."

Miss Sullivan knew she had failed again. For eight months she had pleaded, cajoled and begged of Louise to go to Church. "He's not worth it, dear Lord," she prayed. "Jim Granger isn't worth it. Louise could get any boy in town if she would but smile at them, and she has lost her way over a spineless young man."

And Louise had lost her way, plunged herself into total darkness; left off attending Mass and saying her prayers. The latter had been difficult, as in childhood she had formed the habit of giving her mind to God, of reciting the Hail Mary and ejaculations as she went about her tasks, and she found it difficult to free herself from the habit of a life time. Often, in

her bitterest moments, thinking of Jim Granger, she would find herself praying for the holy Souls, murmuring ejaculations to the Sacred Heart. By rigid discipline she was overcoming this.

She told Miss Sullivan God had been especially cruel when He put Jim from her life. Why must she lose Jim when there were so many girls who could have lost what they loved and get over it?

She had been in Florida with Miss Sullivan and Jim telephoned from Chicago every evening. The day she was to leave she went up in Johnny Durand's plane. She had known Johnny since she was five.

Something—she never knew just what—happened to the plane and he made a forced landing on a lonely little island. In less than an hour a launch picked them up and carried them to the mainland.

If that had happened to Mamie Jones or Annie Brown it would have been overlooked, but Louise Burgess had always been news. She was the orphan-heiress who was cared for by Kate Sullivan, and she was accounted queer because both she and Kate were content to send her to St. Mary's Convent School when she could have attended an eastern finishing school. She was the little rich girl who donned a serge uniform and never was allowed to talk to reporters. Now she was grown and reporters knew her every move.

Jim Granger read the incident, saw Louise's picture and Johnny's. He forgot to go to lunch, did not telephone her, did not meet the train, did not answer Louise's letter. She knew he was angered because of the publicity, and for that reason she wrote him as soon as she reached home.

When she had been home a week Miss Sullivan invited Jim to dinner, and did not tell Louise. He was in the living room when she came down. He said: "I thought you told me you wouldn't go around with Johnny Durand, and as soon as you get a chance—"

(Turn to page 363)

Achievements of Our Holy Father

Herman Romoser, O. S. B.

FROM a leaden colored sky rain fell heavily.

Suddenly the crowd standing under the colonnades emerged and drew as near as possible to the facade of Saint Peter's. The Proclamation rang out over the silent crowd:—"Achille Ratti—Pius XI." A new successor to Saint Peter had been elected.

This year, on February 6, we celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of that election, and on February 12, the fifteenth anniversary of the coronation of Pius XI as the Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church.

The dreary weather on the day of his election was typical of the world condition at that time. The great nations had just spent themselves in the most dreadful war in history; old governments had been swept away; new ones were still changing and uncertain; pernicious doctrines were springing up; misery and despair stalked among the masses of the people.

The new Pope's task was not an easy one. However, placing all his trust in The Master Who had calmed the waves when the ship of Peter the fisherman was in danger, the new successor of this same Peter set to work with a determination and an earnestness that have expressed themselves in so many labors and have resulted in so many brilliant successes as to gain for him, after fifteen years of pontificate, the title of "greatest figure of his time."

The legacy left to Pope Pius XI by Pope Benedict XV was action in behalf of world peace. Consequently the first of his remarkable encyclicals was directed to this end. In it he proclaimed his motto and his program: "The Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ."



Since that time the aim of the Pontiff has been to make Jesus Christ, the true king of peace, reign over individuals, families and nations. All his tireless, inspired labor, all his acts, his words, have had one single aim—the promotion of the welfare of mankind and the personal sanctification of the individual.

For this end Pope Pius XI entered into diplomatic relations with the various nations. His wish was that each nation guarantee to the children of the Faith ample facilities for, and liberty in the practice of their religion. That his wishes in this regard have in many ways been fulfilled is attested

by the eighteen or nineteen diplomatic pacts concluded with the various nations in the last fifteen years—a record unsurpassed in the history of recent Papal diplomacy. Of these the most famous is the Lateran Treaty which again gave the Roman Pontiffs the status of an independent ruler.

As a temporal ruler our present Holy Father has paralleled a deep and practical interest in science with a staunch patronage of the arts; his reorganization and constant promotion of the Pontifical Academy of Science, his erection and personal use of the Vatican City Radio Station, his vigorous modernization of the Vatican by the use of all the great marvels of science, have been matched by his building renovation of Vatican City, his restoration of the Papal Villa at Castel Gandolfo, his construction of the new Vatican Art Gallery, his splendid renovation of the entrance to the Museums, and his reequipment and recataloguing of the famous Vatican Library.

For these achievements Pope Pius XI is recognized by the world as one of the great men of today. Yet, to the Catholic, Pope Pius XI is great for reasons other than these. His wonderful encyclicals on "Christian Education of Youth," of 1929, on "Christian Marriage" of 1930, and on "Reconstructing the Social Order" of 1931 would of themselves suffice to rank Our Holy Father high among the Popes and make his name of lasting greatness and fame. But they are only three of a score or more of such monumental writings. Among the others, those of outstanding worth are the encyclicals: "The Peace of Christ In the Kingdom of Christ" (1922), "The Religious Pacification of France" (1924), "Christ the King" (1925), "Catholic Missions" (1926), "The Church in Mexico" (1926), "Christian Unity" (1928), "Reunion of the Eastern Churches" (1928), "On Retreats" (1929), "On the Golden Jubilee of the Holy Father's Ordination" (1929), "Catholic Action" (1931), "The Economic Crisis, Unemployment and Disarmament" (1931), "The Fifteenth Centenary of the Council of Ephesus" (1931), "The Sacred Heart and World Distress" (1932), "On Spain" (1933), "The Catholic Priesthood" (1935), and "Clean Motion Pictures" (1936).

The sentiments of the second last of these encyclicals, that on the priesthood, are much similar to those contained in the first, and reflect that zeal for the propagation far and wide of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which has gained for Pope Pius XI the title of "Pope of the Missions."

Our present Holy Father has evinced his love for the Catholic Missions not only by his encyclicals and pronouncements on the Missions, but even more so by his actions in their behalf. Events of outstanding importance proving this are the Missionary Exposition at the Vatican several years ago and the establishment of the

Lateran Missionary Museums. Reflections of the Holy Father's zeal for a native clergy are the consecrations by himself at the Vatican of six native Chinese Bishops in October 1926, and of the first native Japanese Bishop in October of the following year. Then too, Pope Pius XI has given to the Missions as a powerful patroness the Little Flower of Jesus whom he raised to the altars of the Church in 1925.

Nor is it only to the Missions that Pius XI has given a wonderful patroness. His pontificate has been singularly rich in Beatifications and Canonizations, surpassing most previous records. To educators of youth he has

given the beloved John Bosco as patron; to priests, the apostolic Cure of Ars. To the list of holy Doctors of the Church he has added Saints Peter Canesius and Robert Bellarmine. The great doctors Albert the Great and Bede the Venerable owe their new title of Saint to our Holy Father, as do also Joan of Arc, Conrad of Parzham, Bernadette Soubirous, Thomas More, John Fisher, the great American Martyrs—Isaac Jogues, John Brebeuf, Reni Goupil and

companions, as well as a number of founders of Religious Orders.

Since the ceremony of canonization is one of the grandest celebrations that the Church can have, and since the reign of Pius XI has witnessed so many of these, it is apparent that his pontificate has been one of outstanding jubilation. Yet to these solemn events we must add the three great Jubilees, The Holy Year of Jubilee of 1925 (the twenty-third in the history of the Catholic Church), the Jubilee of 1929 (commemorating the Fiftieth anniversary of the Holy Father's ordination), and the Extraordinary Holy Year of Jubilee of 1933—1934 (commemorating the nineteenth centenary of the Redemption).

Abstracting from all these outstanding events and achievements in the pontificate of Pope

The Annunciation

A. F.

*"Fiat mihi verbum tuum."
O what might that word contains!
When the humble Maid hath spoken,
Lo, Omnipotence ordains
To become for man a Saviour,
To unloose his sinful chains.*

*"Fiat mihi verbum tuum,"
Rings across Judea's hills;
Down the years its echo lingers,
Till on lips divine it thrills
In Gethsemane's recesses,
And the cry for mercy stills.*

Pius XI, his name would still be great among the Pontiffs of all time for his sponsoring of the most significant religious movement of a century—that of “Catholic Action.” For fifteen years the present Pontiff has striven with a most tremendous zeal to place the Catholic Church in her lawful position and to spread the doctrines of Christ among the people of the world. In his call to Catholic Action he reminds the laity of their share in this apostolic mission, which is to be carried on under the guidance of the hierarchy.

It is in harmony with this theory of action that the Holy Father has ever shown an especial interest in the Catholic Press with its immense power for doing good. To it he has given as patron Saint Francis de Sales; to journalists he has granted special audiences. He has established the custom of the yearly Catholic Press Month; he has, during the past year, inaugurated the splendid Catholic Press Exhibition at the Vatican. Under his guidance the first Catholic International Congress of Publicity was held at the Vatican a few months ago.

To all his children the Holy Father has been a real father. How deeply he is interested in all is manifested by the special audiences granted to youths, to mothers and to bridal couples. No one escapes his eye for the reason that he desires all to feel themselves the devoted children of a devoted father, who wishes to direct them through a troubled world to their true home.

For leading the people in their daily life Pope Pius XI has ever promoted a well educated and zealous hierarchy. So as to insure better contact between pastors and flock, new Provinces and Dioceses have been erected; to facilitate contact with the “Common Father of All” New Apostolic Nunciatures and Delegations have been established.

In the proper education of the clergy the Pontiff has taken a special interest. His writings lay down minute and detailed regulations on priestly training. At Rome six new colleges owe their existence to Pope Pius XI. From him colleges long established in the Eternal City have received new buildings and equipment for meeting the requirements of the times. All over Italy seminaries have been multiplied as a result of the progressive spirit

of the Holy Father, and the Bishops of the whole world have been urged to imitate this example.

In all things Pope Pius XI has been a model to the world. This short review of his life with its narration of but a few of his more outstanding works, achieved in a time when the Church Herself is suffering persecution in several of Her members and the great nations of the world totter on the brink of destruction, shows us not an ordinary man but the Representative of Christ shining out above all the trouble and chaos—a light to the world, a model of earnest devotion to the duty assigned to him, the spread of “The Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ.” In addition to this the providential accomplishments of our Holy Father in the past fifteen years, despite such adverse and critical conditions, serve us as another reminder that the Church of Christ is not a mere human organization or society but one that is supernatural and eternal. Though human societies and nations crumble to ruin and pass away, the Church of Christ remains forever.

Pray, Brother, Pray

(Continued from page 356)

sum up briefly the reasons why they offer the sacrifice of the Mass. ‘... for the praise and glory of His Name, for our own benefit, and for that of all His holy Church.’

The words, ‘for the praise and glory of His Name,’ manifest one of the motivating reasons for every sacrifice, for the idea of giving praise is always there, although it may be more or less in the background. Every sacrifice is an acknowledgment of the supreme dominion of God over His creatures. Such a confession coming from one of His creatures is necessarily an act of praise coming from that creature.

In a sacrifice of adoration, the praise and glory of God is naturally an outstanding feature. Analyze the sacrifices of thanksgiving, of petition, of propitiation, and all of them, you will find, have that element of praise in them.

“The other words, ‘for our own benefit, and for that of all His holy Church’ surely do not need explaining. Our prayers are usually selfish enough without laying any stress on that part in this monologue.”

Colors in the Design

A. Patricia Bortolotti, M. A.

"SO THE play this afternoon suited your idealistic taste, Antonia?" John asked me laughingly. It was his habit to tease me for my hopeless idealism, as he termed it, that everything comes out for the best when we try to do the right things in life day by day. We had been to a play downtown in Chicago and were riding home with my father and step-mother. John was coming home for supper with us—a prospect I secretly feared, for I didn't know what 'mood' father would have. Sometimes he was very cordial and talkative, but at other times very temperamental, silent and contrary, taking the opposite view to any opinion offered.

"I loved the play, and I'm not an idealist, really, John."

"You are, and perhaps that's why you are a Catholic too—a good one."

"Am I a good one, John?" John should have been a Catholic—was once—but was filled with bitterness toward Catholics. He didn't so much dislike the Church or its teachings but the members of the Church.

"You're a good one all right—about the only one I know. I'm waiting to find the flaw in your faith too. You abide by all the fine teachings and have more bad luck than all the Catholic I know put together. Why not be a Catholic like my cousin Florence, my aunt Janet or your friend Helen?"

"Oh, I don't know, John."

We were silent and my mind went back to the afternoon John and I first met—about a year ago. I had heard Florence speak of her cousin John but had never met him. Florence, Helen and I were the only three girls living fairly near to one another of our grade school days. John lived on the north side, and somehow I never happened to be at Florence's when John was there. Now, Florence and Helen were married, and we met to chat every now and then—for old times' sake I suppose.

On that afternoon, the conversation had been somewhat as it was always since their marriage. Both Florence and Helen had married well.

We were having tea and a bite to eat when John 'breezed in'. John didn't act very fond of his aunt or cousin, or of Helen. They rather liked his 'easy-going' manner and his aloofness. He began to watch me as if I were some freak and I was very nervous, for I wondered how he would act when I walked and he saw my extreme lameness. Silly of me, but I hated the thought of moving from the table.

"Why on earth don't you marry Harry and be done with it, as your dad wants?" Florence continued arguing with me, as if John hadn't joined us. "After all, his being a non-Catholic doesn't matter much, and it would be so much simpler without children." What a subject to discuss before a stranger.

"I don't care for him and I like children," I replied blushing.

"Doesn't Harry want children?" demanded aunt Janet from the kitchen.

"No, mother, and he has a keen job and is just crazy about Antonia. Her step-mother told me when I met her in the dime store the other day."

"You actually want children?" demanded John.

"She's an awfully good Catholic," explained Helen to John, "and thinks she must have them."

"Oh, I see!" grinned John. "One of those!"

"My husband likes children," Helen explained, "but I told him about my heart and of course he can't expect me to risk my life. I have a good excuse however. It isn't JUST like refusing to have children for no reason."

"She means me," laughed Florence, "no excuse. I don't mind. I'm young and there's lots of time."

"You must smoke Charley out of all his salary," commented John to Helen, who

smoked cigarettes incessantly. "Is that good for your heart?"

"No, it isn't," Florence answered for Helen, "and she drinks too, which is very bad for her heart."

"Well, if I can't smoke, drink or do anything, I may as well be dead. I intend to enjoy life! Did you see Jane's new hat in church last Sunday?"

"I went to ten."

"Did you?" to Florence's mother, John's aunt Janet.

"It was a wet Sunday and I don't think the dear Lord expected me to risk getting cold these days of the flu."

"No kidding, Antonia, life is miserable for you at home. At LEAST, you would have more freedom in your own home and living with one non-Catholic husband would be easier than two non-Catholic parents."

"Yes, you never did have any luck," urged Helen.

"I think everything leads to something best for us, if we do our bit as we see it. I think all the trouble I've had is sort of—colors in the design. I hate to sound preachy, but I think the Lord has a grand design for me in His providence."

"Well, if you believe that way—" agreed Florence.

In the months that followed that first meeting with John, I met him quite often at his cousin Florence's. Finally, he asked me for a date and I went to a play with him. We went to lots of plays and we talked a great deal. He thought that the teachings of the Church must be impractical if so few, if any, could live up to them. He disliked claiming to be a thing that one wasn't and did not like his cousin's reminder that he should return to Church. Rather, John thought that Florence should give up going to Mass since she was so little a Catholic inside her heart and in her private life. He never said as much to my face, but I know that he did not wish me to mention his religion to him. Once he told me that mine was a kind of sweet dope to make me endure life. I gave him my reasons for believing in God and the Church, but he wasn't impressed. So we continued friends, outwardly, but I loved John. As we rode along now in the auto, I wondered how I could continue to hide it from him.

I remembered my mother who had named me Antonia because she was such a believer in the intercession of St. Anthony. That was it—St. Anthony would help me. He must find a way to fix things. After all, I was very lame and perhaps John would never think of me as anything but a friend or imagine that I thought of him as anything but a friend.

The car was turning down a side street. Were we going to stop somewhere before going home for supper? Father always liked his supper immediately after an afternoon's work at the theatre.

"We're going to stop a minute at Ned's," my father informed us. Ned meant insurance to me, for he was a musician out of work who sold life insurance to make a living.

Father left the car and went into Ned's house. Soon, he was standing on Ned's porch yelling at me to hurry and enter the house to sign something. I opened the door, trying to hurry.

"Come on—hurry up. Ned is about to eat his supper and we haven't got all night," my father called. I hurried, my leg dragging as it never dragged before. Tears blinded me but I hurried toward the light. I thought I could never face John again—for never had he sat and witnessed such a display of my—oh, why couldn't I just stop a minute and rest.

I signed the paper requested and was hurried down to the car again. I sat miserably beside John, not daring to face him.

Before supper, we had a few minutes in the parlor alone.

"Feel badly about something, don't you?" John asked. "Needn't tell me."

"It's nothing really. Dad wanted me to sign my insurance over to him in case I enter a convent—so that the convent wouldn't get the money." I added, "I didn't mind really. He can have it. It's his anyhow."

"I suppose the order could have used it though," John suggested.

"I'm not going to enter any convent. I never had a religious vocation, and anyhow I'm lame—"

"I always figured you had a vocation. You have such faith and all that, you know. I thought you'd make a grand little wife and mother but then dismissed the thought. Think

you'd like married life, Antonia? You seemed quite against it the day I met you at Aunt Janet's."

I wondered what to answer. If I said I were interested, John might think I had 'set my cap for him.' Yet, I couldn't lie deliberately!

"I—I really don't know if I would like married life," I evaded, trying to make light of the situation.

"If you like the general idea of married life, perhaps after I tell you that I've loved you from the minute I knew you—I might—sell you the idea of—having a nice Catholic husband—and all that goes with it."

"I like the idea of a nice Catholic husband," I offered. Did he love me or was he teasing? Odd way to tease, but then, I had tried to be gay and perhaps he was merely following my lead. He couldn't have loved me. I hadn't suspected!

"Try to picture a reformed me—Antonia as your Catholic husband. Now, do you still like the idea?" As I hesitated, astounded and wondering just exactly what to say, John continued, "I didn't dare 'let on' I loved you because—I didn't want it talked about by everyone. I wanted it to be something splendid—grand—"

"A bit of an idealist yourself, John! I knew you were and I love you for it and for your self, John."

"And is our marriage to be another color in the design for you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes—the bright golden color."

Girl Lost

(Continued from page 357)

They fought it out right there. He left before dinner was served. When Sully came to call them to the table she found Louise in a miserable little heap, tear-drenched.

Sort of a paralysis settled over her. Sometimes Jim's cruel, searing words penetrated the numbness. Had he loved her he would not have doubted. Stumblingly, totteringly, she went her way, feeling like a puppet worked by wires. Life ahead was barren; she had planned a life with Jim.

Instead of praying she accused heaven of ruining the pattern of her life, and when time became too heavy she went to work in a non-Catholic settlement house.

"Go over to Father Ransom," said Sully, "and do parish work for him. Why work in Elaine Settlement House when St. Patrick Settlement House is calling for workers?"

Louise was adamant. Day after day she went to the settlement house, became more bitter. If he had loved her as she loved him—

* * * * *

EIGHT months ago! Oh, it was a life time.

She watched the curtains blowing in and out. What day was it? Wednesday, April eleventh. Tomorrow would be her birthday. Crocuses and wind flowers were in bloom. At the convent school the students would be gathering them for Mary's shrine, and Sister Lucia—who laughed so readily and drove the old convent truck when they went to picnics—would be working in the flowers. Sister was a gardener, was graduated from a horticultural college before she entered the convent, had been one of the few women landscape artists in Chicago.

In Sister's room was an old painting of the Virgin with a green robe, green scarf and veil, with a touch of cerise at the wrists, and numerous green-winged cherubs about her. Sister brought it from home with her. It had been in her family for years.

Sully brought in the mail. There was a package from Sister Louise. "Open it Sully," she said.

It was the green-veiled Madonna—Sister's dearest possession. "She loved it a great deal, Sully, and she sent it to me for my birthday," she said, and suddenly she was laughing.

A broken heart? That was funny. It was Spring. Fields were being plowed, waters loosed and running mad, and at the convent school the girls were gathering flowers for Mary's shrine. "Sully, I am going to St. Mary's for a few days," she said, "and when I come back I'm going to work in St. Patrick's settlement house, and if Jim Granger calls tell him—"

"Yes, Louise, what shall I tell him?"

"Why don't you see I've found my way, Sully, without him?"

Eucharistic Heart of my God, living and beating under the veil of the sacred species, I adore Thee.

Natural Law

(Concluded)

HOW DO we know what laws there are? If an inferior or subject must execute the plan of another, then that will must be communicated in some way to the subject. In other words the law must be promulgated. To promulgate a law means that the subject is informed of the existence of a law. This promulgation can take place in various ways. Irrational creatures cannot come to a knowledge of the law. They obey the law by natural necessity, by acting according to their nature.

The rational creature comes to the knowledge of the existence of a law either through a written document or by being informed by word of mouth or by becoming aware of the law as it is manifest in his very nature. Thus by his very nature man knows that he should know, love, and serve God. He also knows that he must do good to his fellow men and, especially, that he must not harm them. He knows, for instance, that it is wrong to kill another human being.

A law that is promulgated orally or in writing is called a positive law. All those laws that are known to man by a study of his nature are natural laws. But a natural law may also be promulgated after the manner of a positive law. For instance, it is written in man's conscience 'Thou shalt not kill;' it is also written in the Bible, and finally the State makes the same law.

Since the natural law is so important and since many men through slothfulness, indifference, and preoccupation would not come to a sufficient knowledge of the natural law, God has deemed it wise to reveal in a positive manner those natural laws which are of the greatest importance and which are so often sinned against.

Christ called attention to the fundamental natural law when He said to one of the Pharisees: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest and the first commandment. And the second is like

to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments dependeth the whole law and the prophets." (Mt. XXII, 37-40).

God spoke to Moses and revealed to him the ten commandments which Moses was to make known to the people. (Cf. Ex. Ch. XX). All these commandments are already contained in the natural law, but God revealed them in a special way so that the people could not plead ignorance of the law as an excuse for sin. All these commandments refer to the religious and social nature of man.

The first three commandments refer to the religious nature of man in as far as man is directly related to God. Hence God reminds the people that He alone is their Lord and God and therefore they must not adore any other God. They must not dishonor His name. Now man by his very rational nature should know these things. The third commandment orders the people to keep holy the sabbath day. The third commandment is contained in the natural law only in so far as people must worship God. However, the natural law does not indicate that this would take place on the sabbath day. That this should take place in a special way on the sabbath was a positive determination of God.

The other commandments refer to the social nature of man in as far as man is indirectly related to God through other men. The social nature of man is twofold: the family and society in general. The fourth commandment refers to the family. Again, here it is in the very nature of things that children should obey their parents. The other commandments command man to fulfill his obligations towards society in general. It is forbidden to kill because every human being has a natural right to his life.

The sixth and ninth commandments forbid sins of impurity. Law in general urges man to do good and to abstain from doing evil. The natural law gives man a natural urge to do good. With the doing of good there is con-

Gabriel Verkamp, O. S. B.

nected a satisfaction, a happiness, and if man is to do good by means of his bodily faculties, there is a pleasure that goes with it provided the bodily faculty itself gives the motive impulse to do the good. In general the greater the good is, the greater is the corresponding pleasure and satisfaction.

God wants all men to come to the highest good which is He Himself. To know and love God perfectly will be ineffable happiness. This will be realized only perfectly in the beatific vision. In this life we are preparing for this beatific vision. The immediate preparation for this vision is to know and love God as much as possible in this life, for our degree of glory will depend on our love of God in this life. And if we have no love of God when we die, we shall never enjoy the beatific vision.

God has placed our soul in a body for a twofold general purpose: to do good to ourselves and to do good to others. As far as the individual is concerned, the body is for the good of his own soul. By means of the body the soul has an opportunity to grow in knowledge and sanctity. Reason develops as the body develops and our rational nature unfurls itself in all its dignity. Besides, we are here to do good to others, as we shall see later on. God therefore wants us to live in the world until we have accomplished what He expects of us. For that purpose God has placed in us a natural desire to live and to flee death. It is therefore not natural to wish to die. To wish to die is either unnatural, i. e., unreasonable or it is supernatural. The latter, however, supposes perfect resignation to the will of God. Food is necessary for life and therefore man has a natural desire for food. Food does good to the body in as far as it nourishes the body and keeps it alive. But if someone would know that he is taking too much food, which, instead of nourishing the body, is harmful to the body, and would still continue to take food for the mere pleasure, such a person would not be doing good to himself nor to anybody else. It would be the sin of gluttony.

Sense pleasures frequently deceive man. He deceives himself in thinking that the pleasure is the measure of the natural need. This is not the case. On the one hand the pleasure motive may be present but the corresponding good cannot be accomplished. On the other hand there

may be a necessity of doing good, but the pleasure motive may be lacking. In this case man will not act unless he acts for a higher motive. We must frequently do a good which has no immediate satisfaction connected with it, but rather pain or abhorrence. Thus a good nurse will take care of her patients even though she derives no pleasure from it, but on the contrary she may suffer hardship herself. All this will balance out in the ultimate highest good.

God has given us a body for another reason. We must use our body for the good also of others. This we can do in various ways. But there is also a very special way. God has placed in the body a special faculty which by its very nature is meant for the good of others. The first fundamental good that can be done to others is to give existence to others, and God has placed in man a natural desire to do this good. God wants to communicate his goodness not to one only but to many, and He permits man to be an instrument in the accomplishment of that divine desire. What gratitude there must be in a person who knows that he owes his very existence to another human being who has made it possible for him to share in the divine goodness. What an honor and dignity for parents to be the instruments in the multiplication of human beings. Hence the satisfaction that comes to parents does not consist merely in the passing pleasure of the senses, but there will be a reward for them for all eternity unless they frustrate their reward by dying in mortal sin. What a thrill of joy there must be in heaven for the parents when their child tells them, "All this glory, all this happiness which I enjoy I would not have if it were not for you."

But man's mind can become perverse, and instead of doing good he seeks this pleasure, i. e., the pleasure of the senses only, and positively excludes the good which is the natural cause of this pleasure. It is not mere gluttony but much worse. Gluttony excludes a minor good but impurity excludes a much greater good. Just as gluttony is not an innocent pleasure, so this pleasure is not an innocent pleasure. The evil and the harm done may not be realized at once, but it will be realized in the future. It is not a mere question of ignorance. Whether a person is ignorant of the fact or not, gluttony by its very nature brings harm. So do all sins against

the natural law. A person who takes poison by mistake will die and we pity him because it was not his fault. But a person who takes poison when his very nature warns him, is foolish and merits no pity. Ignorance of the natural law, of course, will not bring upon the person the positive punishment which will be meted out to the wilful transgressors of the natural law. A positive punishment is an evil inflicted above the natural evil which results naturally.

Nor can it be objected that pleasure is not condemned and hence there is no sin. People play games for the pleasure there is in it. This objection is answered by saying that innocent pleasure is not condemned, but pleasure that is not innocent is condemned. Innocent pleasure is not mere pleasure but provides necessary or useful recreation.

Everybody despises a cheat in a game. A cheat does not want the pleasure of the game but he wants the pleasure of winning. By the very fact that he cheats, it is evident that he really does not care for the game itself. If he really loved the game he would not cheat. He wants the good that the game offers, but does not want to fulfil the obligations that the rules of the game impose. Thus the cheat shows a disrespect for those who have made the rules as well as for the umpire whom he tries to circumvent. It is the same in the game of life. God, who is at the same time the umpire, has made the rules for this game. The fundamental laws of the game of life are written not only in books, but, as is frequently said, in the very heart of man, i. e., in the very nature of man, so that man is conscious of the fact whether he has done right or wrong. The person who really loves the game of life will try to fulfil the obligations it imposes and will be ready to make sacrifices when necessary.

Not only the person who violates a positive law, but also the person who sins against the natural law wants the pleasure but does not want the good which must be done in order to obtain that pleasure or satisfaction. To want pleasure without wanting the corresponding good is to want pleasure for pleasure's sake. To want pleasure for pleasure's sake only is to consider the pleasure an end in itself. But for pleasure to be an end in itself it must be the highest and ultimate aim of man's ambition.

Only God Himself is happiness itself for man. Hence desiring any pleasure as an end in itself outside of God and having no relation to God is making a new God. The true God is either despised or is lowered to the level of the pleasure that man seeks. In either case there is a serious offense towards God. In a way it is another form of idolatry forbidden by the first Commandment: Thou shalt not have strange gods before me. St. Paul speaks of this form of idolatry in speaking of those "whose God is their belly." (Phil. III, 19). In the same way one might speak of those whose God is their lusts.

Proceeding now to the seventh and tenth Commandments, it is evident that these commandments too are but a written or oral expression of the natural law. For if man by his very nature has a natural right to property, then it follows that it is wrong, morally wrong, i. e., against the will of God, to deprive another of his property.

Likewise the eighth commandment is naturally known. A falsehood is against the very nature of the faculty of speaking. The mind of man is made to conceive the truth. It is against the nature of the mind to conceive falsehood. The faculty of speaking is an instrument of the mind to make known to others the truths that it has conceived. Just as it is irrational to conceive falsehood, so it is irrational to speak falsehood. Moreover, to tell a lie is frequently against the natural rights of others who have a natural right to know the truth and have a natural right to their good name. It may however, happen that a person loses his natural right to a good name just as a person may lose his natural right to life by committing certain crimes.

Souls approaching Holy Communion bear away the graces of heaven in greater or less abundance, according to the fervor of their love.—St. Cath. of Sienna.

The Eucharist is the abridgement of all the gifts of God, for It contains Jesus Christ, the source of every grace and every gift.—Henri Perreyve.

Who is the Negro?

"DO YOU know who I am? Do you not know that I am the daughter of the King of France?" shouted an enraged French princess to her maid, who had accidentally pricked her with a pin. With the calm and composure of a queen, the maid replied: "And do you know who I am? Do you not know that I am a child of God?"

In the United States there are over twelve million human beings into whose mouths this question might be profitably placed. Their dark skin and facial features brand them as "Negroes" and, in the eyes of a great number of their white fellow citizens, degrade them to a social level far below that of the white man. From his degraded position, fixed neither by God nor by nature, but by human convention, the Negro might well ask his white neighbor: "Do you know who I am?" Long ago the Catholic Church answered his question. The Negro is a human being like other men, possessing intelligence and will and an immortal soul. Like other men he was redeemed by the Blood of Jesus Christ which blotted out the distinction between Jew and Gentile, free and slave, white and black. Along with other men, the Negro is, or may be, a member of Christ's Mystical Body, the Church, for Christ excludes no one by reason of race or color. One faith, one baptism, one divine life fashion men into members of Christ and children of God, regardless of race, color, or nationality. With good reason might the Negro ask: "Do you not know that I too am a child of God, a member of Christ, your brother in Christ?" If the Negro is not already a member of Christ's Mystical Body, the Church, by baptism and the true faith, he has no less a claim to this sublime privilege than his white neighbor. The white man has no monopoly on the Catholic, the universal Church.

If Catholics would realize this simple truth and live up to it, their attitude toward the Negro would change radically, and the condition of the Negro would be quickly ameliorated. By this nature the Negro is a fellow man and a neighbor; the Catholic owes him justice, charity, courteous and decent treatment.

Through Christ's redeeming Blood the Negro is, or may be, a fellow member of Christ; the Catholic owes him fraternal love as becomes brothers in Christ. Because of his inferior social position, because of the ill-treatment and discrimination which he is forced to bear, not only in social affairs, but even in matters of common justice and decency, the Negro is a suffering member of Christ, and is deserving of special kindness and consideration on the part of Catholics.

Social convention is indeed an obstacle to the consideration and charity which many Catholics would really like to show the Negro, but social convention is neither an insurmountable obstacle nor a justification for uncharitableness. With open disregard for the narrow social conventions of the Pharisees, Christ showed to Samaritans and publicans that kindness and consideration which had long been denied them. True Catholics will follow the lead of Christ. A kind word and courtesy under all circumstances, charity to poor and needy among the Negroes, interest in the social, economic, intellectual, moral, and especially the religious welfare of the Negro are some of the ways in which the fundamental Christian principle that "all are one in Christ" will manifest itself in practical life. Kindness and consideration, inspired by true Christian charity, are the best means to break down the prejudice between white and black, to save the Negro from the snare of Communism which capitalizes this prejudice, and to lead him to his rightful privilege and inheritance as a member of Christ's Mystical Body, the Church.—*Gerald Benkert, O. S. B.*

Go! Stop!

PLACIDUS S. KEMPF, O. S. B.

When driving down a city street
You seek the traffic light o'erhead,
And feel the need
To watch its winking eye
That bids you: "Stop!" and "Go!"

But, lo!
How often, aimlessly, your feet
God's vigil lamp-lit house pass by,
And fail to heed
Love's blinking stoplight, ever—RED!

The Editor's Page

STRENGTH ONWARD



THE old Romans, who said so much wisely, bequeathed this bit from human experience: namely, that we are not to argue about different tastes. Our

Holy Father St. Benedict, prudent in all things, states in his Rule concerning what his monks should eat, that it was only with much hesitancy that he would lay down any rules as to what and how much one should eat, and provided that at the principal meal there should be an extra dish in the event that if a religious did not wish the one dish, he could partake of the other.

One might say without much exaggeration that when it comes to eating there are as many tastes as individuals. There are many today who are content to break their fast with a bit of fruit and cereal. I am not of their number. My constitution or inclination seems to demand something more durable, something that "sticks to the ribs." At all events, everyone in ordinary health must have some solid food in sufficient quantity each day in order to carry on his life and duties.

Now in all of life there is a kind of apt parallel between the physical and spiritual. What we carry out as regards our bodies in a material way we must carry out as regards our souls in a spiritual way. We are born physically; we must be born spirit-

ually of water and the Holy Ghost. We grow physically; we must grow spiritually in wisdom and age and grace before God and man. We must be active with our bodily faculties; we must also be active with our spiritual faculties. Bodily activity demands solid food; spiritual activity demands solid food quite equally.

I have been rather impressed with these truths lately while reading two or three solemn bits of advice which some of our so called leaders in thought and guidance for youth and adults have seen fit to give. For some years these leaders have been greatly distressed—and who has not?—to see our penal institutions crowded with young men and young women; they have been exerting all their powers of ingenuity in forming movements and organizations and systems whereby our youth might be kept on the path of virtue and upright conduct; and in this they are to be highly commended. But all along we see that in general their efforts are quite in vain. Too many clear-eyed youths of today become darksome-eyed criminals of tomorrow.

The reason is not hard to find; it is all the result of what we may call modern teaching, and practice in applying this teaching. For the upshot of modern thought is that perfection in human living ends with the body. Make the body perfect and you have a perfect man. They have distorted

ON WATERED MILK

the ancient saying, "A sound mind in a sound body," by laying all stress on the body to the neglect of the mind (soul). A sound body is indeed a great help to full living, yet it is not necessary. It is hard for our moderns to accept the fact that one can be totally unfit physically and still live a full life. If they would read the lives of the Saints, or of some of the greatest leaders of thought in the history of the world, they would be convinced—perhaps.

However, when they do attempt to give others food for the soul, let us see what they give. It is a diet of skimmed milk watered with weak generalities. Boys will ask why they should be good, and they receive the answer: "Virtue for virtue's sake;" "Do good because it is the thing to do;" "Do good because it will make you feel good;" "Do good because the slogan of your organization is to do a good turn every day." Others will propose such a weak formula as "Clean thinking, clean living, fresh air, sunshine, etc., etc."

All this is very nice. But it won't keep anybody good for long. After all, each one of us carries about with him a fallen nature, a nature always inclined to break the bonds, transgress the limits, commit sin. Mere exhortation along the lines pursued by modern leaders is not enough to restrain this strong inclination we all have within us. But what else can they offer?

Consider how different it is with the Catholic boy who is well taught. He comes to adolescence and adulthood happy in the knowledge that at Baptism he was incorporated into Christ and made one with Him in His Mystical Body; that at Confirmation he was armed and invigorated by the special infusion of the Holy Spirit to go forth and do manfully for his God and for future life; as often as he wishes—daily he is urged to do so—he can come to the Banquet of his Lord, be nourished with the Bread that will give him the very strength and vitality of God Himself. He is conscious, moreover, that at all times the powerful weapon of prayer is his—his own prayers, the prayers of the Church, the prayers of friends, the prayers of the Saints, particularly of his all-powerful Mother in heaven. And so in times of doubt, of trial, of temptation, of great enterprise he is fortified and enlightened; when courage and strength begin to fail, he has immense reserves to call upon to his aid. Faith is his and hope that faileth not and Divine Love surrounds him at all times. And when he falls at times—who does not?—the Good Shepherd seeks him out with the speed and solicitude of love, raises him up and plants more firmly his feet on the path of virtue.

Yet there are Catholic parents who refuse their children all this in order to give them imaginary advantages in a public school!

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

Christlike Courtesy--The Oblates Charm

Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.

APRIL brings us its green freshness, which like sweet natural upholstery covers up the wild scars of winter, and smoothes out the rough places with foliage, blossoms, and wild flowers.

Like the country and city landscape the Christian soul has passed through the winter of worldly coarseness and selfishness, and needs to touch up its ugliness with the fresh charm of Christlike courtesy.

No one has better opportunity to do this than the Oblate of St. Benedict, for in the fourth chapter of the Holy Rule of St. Benedict there is given to the Oblate a useful tool of the spiritual life, "to honor all men." This is one of the first reminders in the Rule that every son and daughter of St. Benedict practice that Christ-like courtesy which thinks always in terms of another and not of self. Last month in the article, *Spiritual Reconstruction*, we said that it will be our purpose in future numbers of the magazine to develop the instruments of good works in the form of short conferences. We consider this month the instrument: "*To honor all men.*"

Cardinal Newman observed in his lectures on the "Idea of a University" that "it is almost the definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain." I should say here that it is almost the definition of a courteous person to say that he is one who never wittingly gives pain to another. Courtesy is a habit of sympathetic appreciation; it is always thinking of the other person in terms of the other person. Boorishness, that behavior which brands a person as a thoughtless and awkward snob, is thinking only of oneself and never of others.

Without looking very far for an example of courtesy in the breach, consider the average motorist, and when I say average I mean most of us who drive cars. I do not think, with the possible exception of the wide-open radio in the home, that there is a more glaring outlet for discourtesy than driving a car. How much un-

necessary pain is caused by the little man that is boxed up in his private automobile.

The other day I was driving down Lincoln Avenue in Evansville when a man honked me over to the side of the street, glared fiercely, and cursed freely and glibly as I tried to give him room. A truck ahead held up the traffic. A lady was crossing the street against the red light. A bedlam of horns assailed my ears. No one was courteous, no one was thinking in terms of the other person; no one there, myself included, possessed those three marks of a courteous soul, PATIENCE, THOUGHTFULNESS, AND AMIABILITY.

Last January a year ago as I waited for a street car in front of the Brown hotel in Louisville I noticed a man drive his car up the line and wait for the green light. Just as the light flashed from red to green an old colored lady hobbled in front of the stranger's car. The driver did not honk his horn fiercely, nor did he curse as the man behind cut in before him turning the corner. As the courteous driver turned down Fourth street a police officer hailed him to the curb, made him open up his car door, and handed him two tickets to the National Theater as a reward for his courtesy in driving. This driver possessed patience and thoughtfulness for the old lady's infirmity, and amiability for the boorish motorist behind him.

Patience is the foundation of courtesy. Thoughtfulness for others is the second step, and amiability is the gracious expression of courtesy.

I heard about a touching example of courteous thoughtfulness the other day. Two boys and a little girl came into a florist shop. They were all about ten, ragged, but with clean faces and hands. The boys took off their caps and stepped forward. Solemnly, as though impressed with the gravity of their mission, they waited while one of the boys was spokesman.

"We're the committee," he said. "We'd like some very nice yellow flowers."

The florist showed them some inexpensive spring flowers, and the leader said: "I think we'd like somethin' better than that."

"Do they have to be yellow?" asked the florist.

"Yes, sir, you see, Mister, Mickey would like 'em better if they was yellow. He had a yellow sweater."

The florist asked quietly: "Are they for a funeral?"

The boy nodded. The little girl was trying hard to keep back her tears. "She is Mickey's sister. Mickey was a good kid. He was hit by a truck yesterday. We was playin' in the street and saw it happen." The leader's lips were trembling.

The other boy spoke up: "Us kids took up a collection. We got 18 cents. Would—would roses cost an awful lot, mister? Yellow roses?"

"I have some nice yellow roses here," said the florist. "I'm selling them special today for 18 cents a dozen." He showed them to the committee.

"Gee, them'll be swell," said one of the boys. "Mickey would like them a lot."

So the courteous florist made up a nice spray with ferns and ribbon. The committee took it with them. "We'd kinda like to take 'em over and sorta give them to Mickey ourselves. He'd like it better that way." There you have a fine example of the thoughtfulness of a man, and the sensitive courtesy of a group of children.

Patience, thoughtfulness, and amiability. Perhaps, it is this last expression of courtesy that is the hardest to practice, for it demands of you that you always show yourselves kind and gracious in your daily relations with the people who have to live with you.

Nowhere is amiability more necessary than in the home. The very intimacy of the home life, the close daily relations between the children and parents, between Father and Mother makes courtesy the first household virtue. Family courtesy is like an oil that soothes the relationships between members of the family. Train the children in courtesy toward each other in the home, and they will act properly before strangers. Remember that every parent is a teacher by nature, the most important teacher of all; but not so much by what they say as by **WHAT THEY ARE**. Environment is a popular word today, but applied to courtesy it simply means a lovely atmosphere of cheer,

and love, and amiability in which the children can grow virtuous.

I should say that courtesy is not in itself a supernatural virtue. Nor is the world much concerned about this. The world is not worried about the motive why we are sweet and gracious so long as we ARE.

Not so Our Lord Jesus Christ. In every thing the world judges us by the appearances even when the appearances are against us. In all things Jesus Christ, Our Blessed Lord, Eternal Truth, judges us by our motives and intentions even when the appearances are in favor of us. If you would raise your natural courtesy to a Christian virtue, and cash in on it for ETERNITY, act always with this single intention in the bottom of your heart and the back of your brain: **ALL FOR OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST**, whom I will try to recognize even in the most apparently undeserving person. This is "**TO HONOR ALL MEN**" according to the spirit of St. Benedict.

If you are interested in becoming an Oblate of St. Benedict you are invited to write or consult:

Father Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.
1312 Lincoln Ave.
Evansville, Ind.

After Holy Communion beware of much talk; remain in secret and enjoy thy God, for thou hast Him Whom all the world cannot take from thee.—Imitation.

A Coronation

JOHN DOYLE

"Ha! King of the Jews? Can He be King
Without a royal raiment and a crown?
We must procure for him a regal gown.
But look! His robe—of royal hue! What thing
Is this? Oh, now I see. Those lashings bring
The blood... Now, then, that bristling bush of brown,
Sharp thorns will make a crown... Now press it down
Into His head.... Hail! We kneel worshipping."

They knew not what they did. That day a King
They made, and God, in irony divine,
Decreed: "It shall be so! I say that Thou,
My Son, crowned King by fools so wise, shalt fling
At last this mocking court, these loathsome swine,
Into the sty of hell.".... O King, rise now!"

Personality Club

Jocelyn Bart

IN THIS column, I am going to offer the suggestion of a famous psychologist of a means to build all your 'selves' into a charming personality. Not only will this work to make you attractive but it will keep from personality that blot of all blots—bitterness. It is an easy task, too, to be done daily before retiring, while staring at the ceiling before falling off to sleep, (or while doing the housework) and it merely demands constancy.

This easy formula to be fascinating and to avoid bitterness is—'build up your memory with the beautiful and nice things you have seen or experienced each day.' In the same breath, this signifies, 'do not recall and think upon the unpleasant, the mean, the bitter, the unhappy things of the day.' It is really a matter of WILL, for don't we really all like to think over the unpleasant things just a bit? Yes, they worry us and ruffle our routine of life. However, we CAN refuse to think of them and we can force ourselves to think of the nice things. The next day the unpleasant things will not return to us with such vividness. When we have done this for years, we shall become a person full of fine memories and lacking in bitter dislikes, recollections and crushed hopes.

But who said that memory is the key of personality—the thread which binds all the six selves from day to day and year to year? It is a proven fact. When a person, from some shock or accident, loses his or her memory, an entirely new personality is formed and the person is said to have a dual personality. Sometimes the person is one day her former self and the next day the new self. There are several examples of dual personalities. One man lost his memory, and became an entirely different sort of person, with a new set of six selves, very different from the former six selves. He did not recognize his wife, had to learn to eat and read all over like a child. Yes, he learned quicker than he had the first time. With a new set of memories, we have a new personality.

It is true that we cannot get rid of our entire set of memories, or perhaps any one of them, but we can resolve to have only pleasant memories from now on. Most of the unhappiness we feel is caused from our recollection of events that hurt, words that cut, things that embarrassed us, plans that failed. Think of the peace of mind we would possess if we refused to think on these unpleasant things and concentrated on the nice things. "Why should we forget?" some bitter person will ask. For the reason that nothing is gained by remembering, and often not only our peace of mind is gone, our personality made bitter and cross, but the memories might lead to future spiteful deeds.

Will you give it a try, as the old psychologist requested? Will you think DAILY of the nice things of the day? Perhaps someone smiled very brightly, a bit of sun came through the window and trees making a pretty pattern on the bedspread, or the frost made a pretty picture, or someone said your dress looked nice or your work was neat. Forget the jealous remarks of envious friends, or the slight insult of an acquaintance, or the insinuation of a stranger or rival. They might come back to your consciousness, but if you don't take them out or allow them to occupy the center of the stage of your consciousness by attention, they will soon grow more dim and distant. Life goes on, and there will be such series and crowds of new beautiful memories to occupy you. And won't your personality be different? But you must make a 'conscious effort' to think of pleasant things DAILY, at one time of day or another. You cannot just happen to notice now or then, because you might also happen to notice the unpleasant. It is a kind of examination of conscience, but a pleasant type, because we do not look for imperfections in ourselves but we look for perfections in God's world and God's creatures.

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The Usher Loves the Bridesmaid

Joan Quilty

THE DOORBELL burred and Marjory's hurrying heels could be heard going down the hall to the door, as mother and I were making the beds upstairs. We were just finishing my room and only had dad's to do. Which is pretty good by nine o'clock.

Marjory's clear young voice rang out, "Mother, Mrs. Madden's here!"

"That's fine! Ask her to come right up, dear."

We went to the banister head to meet Mrs. Madden, our dressmaker, as the soft coils of her white hair rose, then her plump pink cheeks and heaving bosom. She stopped on next to the top step and shook her head laughing at her speechlessness.

Mother exclaimed, "So nice of you to come early, Mrs. Madden, when you live so far out! You must have left home before seven."

I asked excitedly, "Oh! Mrs. Madden, did you bring Marjory's dress? She's going to be the loveliest bridesmaid in the wedding procession!"

Mrs. Madden gave me the big box she was carrying, "It's in there, Jane. I think it's going to be just lovely on her, too!"

Mother didn't ask about the bridesmaid dress because the word wedding makes her distraught, she and dad have been so scared. Ever since Jimmy MacRand came home from his Freshman year at Notre Dame, he and Marjory have been so scandalously gone on each other.

I rushed into Marjory's room which we use on sewing days because it's south and sunny, and putting the box on her ruffled dressing table stool I began to jerk the strings apart, but mother said, "Oh Jane, don't you think Marjory ought to be the first one to see it?"

I flushed and smiled up at mother, "Of course."

"We'll leave you to take off your coat and hat, Mrs. Madden. The girls and I will be back

in a few minutes." Mother put her hand on my shoulder.

Mother hurried down the hall and I trailed after her. Mother is terribly energetic; her soft fly-away is always floating around her face as she hastens and when she enters an untidy room the things seem to whisk themselves into place. Mother uses violet scented cream to defeat wrinkles and when you kiss her cheeks they are soft and fragrant as drooping flower leaves. But she hustles so that often her heart, protesting, twists her with pain.

Mother remarked, "Jane, see that all the bedroom windows are wide open and the curtains looped back to let the sun in." Pausing by the banister she called down, "Marjory, Marjory. As soon as you finish the dusting come right up. And Marjory, listen, dear, tell Annie I think she better clean out the icebox this morning and Marjory—come closer dear—right under me here" (in a soft whisper) "if she seems in a good humor tell her I said to scrub the back porch as well as the kitchen and pantry floors. The scrub brush is near the tubs down in the basement. The back porch is awful."

Marjory protested plaintively "Oh mother, why didn't you tell her yourself? You know Annie won't like it; she's always grumpy on Monday morning."

"Why, Marjory, you wouldn't want me to come ALL THE WAY downstairs! Well, if you won't—" mother set one foot on the top step.

"No, no don't come down. I'll tell her." Laughing, she hissed up. "But I call it 'passing-the-buck.' Scaredy-cat."

As mother and I smoothed the blankets on dad's bed, out on the sleeping porch, mother's eyes twinkled as through the window we could hear Marjory talking in coaxing tones to Annie who was hanging the dish towels out in the warm September sunshine. Marjory is always bringing home tiny silly gifts for all of us, she

never forgets Annie; and Annie loves it. Sometimes she forgets even to be grouchy to Marjory!

Dad's room is nice, because the sleeping room opens right off it. When you stand in the doorway you can see all the massed green of the trees peering in the porch windows and the little pools of warm sunlight dancing on the walls and floors. And the yellow sun rays get caught in the dark, polished, old woods of dad's gun collection hanging on the plaster wall.

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(Continued from page 372)

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From a Science Notebook

H. S., O. S. B.



By eliminating the water content and unnecessary substances, such as bone and fiber, from ordinary foods, a nourishing three-course dinner can be reduced to less than six ounces. The concentrate can be prepared for consumption by soaking in hot water.

A newly developed and inexpensive humidifier for the steam radiator has just been placed on the market. Replacing the conventional air valve, it can be adjusted to release varying amounts of vapor into the air. About one pint of vapor per hour is ordinarily sufficient.

Orange pulp is now used in tempering steel.

Bamboo trees grow as much as a foot a day, sometimes attaining a height of 120 feet with a base more than three feet in circumference.



Preheating ether before the fumes are inhaled is said to prevent patients from developing nausea or other pneumonia following a surgical operation.

Ticks stored in wooden pill boxes in starvation tests were found alive after five foodless years.

Dust from outer space adds about a pound an hour to the weight of the earth.

The sweet potato is the only true potato. The Irish potatoes belong to the nightshade family of plants; they are related to the tomato.

Tapioca is poisonous until treated by a special heating process.

Ice in ponds and lakes freezes to a greater depth at zero than at lower temperatures.



General Electric engineers have developed a clock which can measure fractions of time as small as a hundred-thousandth of a second. The clock will not vary from true time more than a minute in eighteen months.

Seventy-two separate muscles in simultaneous and coordinated use are required for speech.

One ounce of oil can spread into a film so thin as to cover eight acres of water.

Bamboos are used for making food, delicacies, and beverages in the Orient.

Seeds subjected to sound waves of frequencies too high for perception by the human ear far outstripped in growth similar seeds planted under normal circumstances.

Certain spiders found in India can stay beneath water for twenty minutes.

Streamlining the driver is said to add ten to fifteen yards to the ordinary golfer's drives.

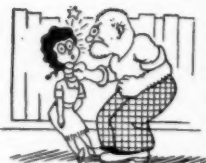
Chameleons can extend their tongues to a length greater than that of their bodies.

The Chacma, a large South African baboon, has a mysterious instinct for finding hidden sources of water. By being kept on a salty food diet without water, he is found to be invaluable in saving explorers in dry regions.

The recovery of grease from the drain pipes of a European nation is expected to yield from 24,000 to 30,000 tons a year.

Seaweed, mixed with cement, makes lightweight building blocks of good heat-insulating qualities.

Molasses, though considered a by-product in sugar refineries, has more food value than pure crystallized sugar.



Query Corner

Conducted by Rev. Gerald Benkert, O. S. B.

Please let me know if you have listed under Saints' names the names Keith, Donald, Lois, and Lynn, and their lives and feast days. Also the name Dolores; I understand that the Blessed Virgin is the patron for Dolores, but I would like to know if there is another saint for that name.

DONALD is the name of a Scotch saint who lived in the eighth century and whose feast is kept on July 15. Lois is derived from Louise, the feminine of Louis, or perhaps from Aloysia, the feminine of Aloysius, which in turn comes ultimately from Louis. The feast of St. Louis, King of France, is observed on August 25. Keith is sometimes used as a variant form of Kenneth. St. Kenneth was an Irish abbot whose feast falls on October 11. The name "Lynn" is not listed in the catalogs of saint's names, nor is any name given from which it is evidently derived. Since neither "Lynn" nor "Keith" are listed among the names of saints, they can be considered as saints' names only if they are used as contractions or variant forms (as Keith for Kenneth) of genuine saints' names. Dolores is a name given in honor of Our Lady of Sorrows. No other saint bears this name. The feast of Our Lady of Sorrows is celebrated on September 15.

How large is the Vatican State over which the Pope rules? Does the Pope take care of the affairs of state personally or does he appoint someone else to do this?

ACCORDING to the treaty made in 1929 between the Holy See and the Italian Government, a plot of ground 109 acres in area was ceded to the Pope over which he was to exercise exclusive right as temporal sovereign. Besides this territory, known as the Vatican State or Vatican City, the Pope's temporal sovereignty extends also to thirteen buildings situated outside the Vatican City proper. The Pope rules the Vatican State through a governor whom he appoints personally and to whom he entrusts the conduct of temporal affairs pertaining to the State.

When making the Way of the Cross is it necessary to say any certain prayers before each station? Should one go from station to station, or is it sufficient to stay in one place and turn to the different stations?

NO VOCAL prayers of any kind are prescribed for making the Way of the Cross, although the *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* are usually recited before each station when this exercise is performed in common. What is prescribed, however, is meditation on the Passion of Our Lord, either on the various phases of the Passion as depicted in the fourteen stations, or on the Passion in general. When making the Way of the Cross privately one should go from station to station, but if the exercise is made in common it is sufficient if the priest (or whoever leads) goes from station to station and the others remain in their places whilst making the mental prayer prescribed for each station.

In the second chapter of his first epistle, St. Peter says: "be ye also... a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices." Didn't St. Peter write this to the Christians in general, that is, also to the laity? How are these words to be explained?

ST. PETER did write this epistle to all Christians, lay as well as clerical; hence, the exhortation "be ye also... a holy priesthood" applies to the laity also. By priesthood St. Peter does not here mean the sacramental priesthood which is conferred on a chosen few by the Sacrament of Holy Orders, but rather that spiritual

state which the Christian received through Baptism and which the Apostle here dignifies by the name of priesthood. Every baptized Christian is a priest in the sense that by Baptism, and especially by the spiritual character received in Baptism, the soul participates to some extent in the priesthood of Christ. Since the baptized Christian is "another Christ," he is also in a certain sense a "priest." As it is the chief duty of a priest to offer sacrifice, the Christian also must offer up personal, spiritual sacrifices, such as prayer and mortification. Whilst the ordained priest has the power and privilege to offer up the Sacrifice of Christ Himself on the altar, the Christian laity, as priests in the sense explained above, likewise have the duty and privilege of offering up their personal, spiritual sacrifices of prayer and self-denial in union with Christ on the altar. This privilege of participating to a limited extent in the priesthood of Jesus Christ is often called the "lay priesthood."

Why is a white cover kept on the ciborium in which are contained the Hosts for distribution to the people at Communion time?

THE white cover on the ciborium has the same significance as the canopy on the altar which covers the tabernacle. The canopy is the symbol of royalty or some other high dignity; like the canopy over the tabernacle, the cover on the ciborium signifies the presence of the great King therein in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist.

In Catholic books and pamphlets one sometimes sees this phrase "decree of the Congregation of Rites" or "decree of the Congregation of the Holy Office." What are these Congregations?

THE Congregations are departments of the Roman Curia or Papal Court which assist the Supreme Pontiff in the government of the Church. In the Roman Curia there are eleven Congregations, each of which has special duties and functions to perform. The name and chief function of each of these Congregations will be briefly stated in order to give a better insight into the administrative work done by the Holy See.

The Congregation of the Holy Office safeguards the teachings of the Church on matters of faith and morals. The Consistorial Congregation deals chiefly with the affairs of the bishops and their dioceses.

The Congregation of the Discipline of the Sacraments regulates the administration of the Sacraments.

The Congregation of the Council deals with matters pertaining to the secular clergy and the laity.

The Congregation for the Affairs of Religious decides matters pertaining to religious orders and congregations.

The Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith has charge of ecclesiastical affairs in missionary countries.

The Congregation of Sacred Rites regulates the liturgy and ceremonies of the Latin Rite.

The Congregation of Ceremonies takes care of the ceremonial proper to the Pope and the Cardinals.

The Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs deals with the relations between the Church and civil governments.

The Congregation of Seminaries and Universities supervises the studies and administration of these institutions.

The Congregation for the Eastern Church deals with all matters pertaining to the Churches of the Oriental rites.

(Turn to page 383)

Home Circle

Conducted by Clare Hampton

SAID a priest preaching a Lenten sermon: "The difference between Catholic and Protestant churches is, that the one has the Eucharistic Presence, while the other has the Eucharistic 'absence.' Catholics do not sufficiently appreciate the great Treasure they possess, while Protestants, poor things, with their empty shells of churches, do not know what they are missing."

Catholics, most of whom are, as it were, "born into their religion," too often take their privileges as a matter of fact and do not realize what it means to be possessed of the True Faith. When we think of some of the countries where persecutions are going on at the present time, we ought to thank God every day for our Faith, and for the privilege of following its dictates unmolested in this great, free country of ours. The great curse of the present day is indifferentism in matters of religion, and many of our Catholics have fallen under this blight; doubtless it would take a religious persecution to rouse them out of their apathy and make them appreciate what they think so little of now that they have it for the asking.

One of these blessed privileges which the Catholic possesses, is, being able to attend Holy Mass every day—any day he desires, at almost any hour he desires in the morning. Most churches have at least three Masses every morning—some more. Here Our Lord Christ waits, patiently, day by day, longing for our presence and our love, hurt and lonely because we ignore Him. Sunday is obligatory, but He wants more than that; He wants a spontaneous expression of our love. He wants us to come—not because we *must*, but because we *love* Him. Just as, when folks are expecting company, they turn on the light above their doorway, so also, when we see the little red light before the tabernacle, we know that Christ is "At Home," and "expecting company." Let us not permit Him to expect in vain, for, never forget, His Heart is human as well as divine, but its capacity for love is fathomless.

Leisure for the Child's Meals

AMPLE time for eating is of the first importance for children. Meals, besides being simple and well-prepared, should not be too far apart, and the child should have leisure in which to eat slowly and masticate well. A hurried breakfast, for instance, will often bring on a nervous indigestion, and some delicate children have been known to vomit after such a hurried meal. A serene and quiet frame of mind is a necessary adjunct to perfect digestion, so, at mealtime, discussion of cares and troubles by the father and mother should be tabooed, as also scolding and nagging at children for faults. Let the meal proceed in quiet, and then, if someone needs correcting, let Father or Mother call the child aside afterwards, and point out the fault.

Mealtime should be a jolly, pleasant time, during

which all the happy occurrences of the day are recounted, since a happy frame of mind is a promoter of good digestion, and above all things, we do not wish our children's stomachs to become upset. Sometimes, in their great desire to get back to their play, children will merely take a few bites of what is on their plates, and then rush out again. This should never be permitted; if the child is too excited to eat, make him sit still and compose himself for five minutes, then place the food on his plate and bid him eat.

Regularity of meals is another promoter of good appetite and digestion. In the case of some busy mothers, who do not bother to set a table at noon, but just "take a snack" standing up, between their tasks, some have been known to leave the children at their play until they come in asking for something. The mother who has been rushing about doing dozens of jobs all morning, needs the relaxation of a quiet meal at noon seated at table, and the children should sit at table with her. This short period of rest and refreshment will mean much to her and the children both, even though the meal is very simple.

Orderly Closets

ORDERLY closets demand the price of eternal vigilance, especially when more than one person deposits his belongings there; but when they become so bad that things fall on one's head when the door is opened, it is time to call an inventory and have a grand discarding day. Springtime being the logical housecleaning time, most housewives go after the closets first, as a preliminary to the room cleaning. First, a bright, sunny day is chosen, so that woolen garments, furs, bags of feathers, etc., may be hung out on a line to air from early morning to late afternoon. Only garments that are to be retained for wear should be hung out, and the rest—such as those which hang month in, month out, without being touched, should be brought down to the basement and folded in an orderly pile, to be sent to some charitable organization, or to the Missions.

The garments disposed of, there are the shoes which generally litter the floor, or repose in cloth holders on the door. Examine every pair carefully, and determine which are to be kept and which thrown out; which are still new, and which may be sent to the shoemakers' and given a new lease of life. Those which have merely been discarded for newer ones, though still solid and wearable, may be placed with the pile of clothing in the basement to await final disposal.

Then there is generally a shelf or two above the hanger pole, which contains a heterogeneous collection of bundles, perhaps old hats, caps, story books, toys, games, and what-not. Again a ruthless going-over will disclose many articles which are only cluttering up

space. The Mission pile down cellar will continue to increase. After useless things have been done away with, the bundles whose contents are to be retained, will look better wrapped in fresh paper, with the name written on, so they won't have to be opened when something is being sought. All articles not often used should be wrapped, since dust will seep into a closet that is opened many times a day.

When all has been gone over, if the walls are dingy, enamel them a bright color—Chinese red or turquoise blue or brilliant yellow. Such a closet will be a joy after the contents are put back in order.

Garden Hints for April

ROSES should be kept mulched until after all danger of frost is past. Do not cut down the canes until frost danger is past, as they will readily freeze if cut. The best time for pruning is when the buds begin to swell.

Prune fruit trees while it is still chilly, before the sap begins to flow. Apple, pear and cherry trees should be pruned but lightly, removing only dead or diseased branches, and a few of the new shoots, but not many. Peach trees need heavy pruning; remove half of last year's shoot growth and thin out well. Heavy pruning encourages new shoots, and these will bear next year's fruit.

Roll the lawn as soon as the ground thaws, if it is dry enough to roll easily. Do not roll while still mushy, but let dry out for a few days. Thorough rolling will even out the lawn and push the turf back into close contact with the soil. A rolled lawn will be much easier to cut than an unrolled, bumpy one. A roller may be made with a heavy can filled with concrete, and some gas piping. The handy man of the house will know how to go about this. Or one may be rented from the local hardware store for a few cents a day. This may be more practical than having the roller stored in odd corners all summer and winter.

A hot bed in which to start seedlings is a boon; by the time the frost is out of the ground, they will be big enough to set out, and have a head start over seeds placed directly in the earth outside. One is easily made by setting up four heavy joist boards in square or oblong, being held upright by pegs driven into the ground and packed around with earth. Cover the top with old sashes, which may be bought cheaply from any wrecking company. If one has parsley and celery growing during the summer, a hot bed may be built around it in Fall, covered with glass, and packed around with manure to keep it warm. The herbs will continue to grow during the winter and are fine for garnishes and soups.

Benedictine Missions

ANOTHER disastrous fire! This time it is at Immaculate Conception School, where the big old barn which had been used as a gymnasium, caught fire and burned to the ground. The temperature was below zero, and how things do burn when it's cold! But it happened in the late afternoon and not at night, and

no one was hurt. However, the Mission truck was in the barn, and it, too, burned, an irreparable loss, for this Mission is twenty-two miles from the nearest railroad. The barn was used in winter as a place for the busy youngsters to play ball in during the winter, when it was too cold and snowy to be outside. They will miss this building badly, for it was also used as a workshop and machine shed besides being a garage.

The next night the standpipe caught fire, and this impaired the water supply; the damages must be repaired at once, or they will be without water. Then, Father Justin rushed to the train to go East in the hope of finding somebody who would make good the loss, for he, as always, was without funds. But alas, troubles never come singly; Father caught the flu and was placed in a hospital—think of it, a thousand miles from home and flat on his back just when the Mission needed help so badly!

The continued snow storms have blocked the roads so that no automobile can get through; they must use a team and sleigh to reach the railroad station. There are two hundred and twenty Indian children at this Mission now, all depending upon Father Justin to be fed and clothed and kept warm; he has been doing this through random donations.

BUY STOP-RUN. Stop-Run is a powder, which, when dissolved in warm water, will prevent runs in silk stockings for a long time, by toughening the fibre. This powder is sold for the Missions at 10¢ per package. Write Clare Hampton, 5610 Walsh Str., St. Louis, Mo.

Household Hints

A STEEL mandolin string is the most perfect cake cutter on earth. Will cut the freshest cake without breaking the icing. Just hold one end in each hand and pass it down the center of cake, cutting it in halves, quarters, eighths, etc.

If there is a mouse in attic or basement, get after it at once, lest Madame Mouse think it a good place in which to raise her progeny. City mice are often very wise and will nibble the bait off very daintily several times without snapping the trap. A tough piece of bacon rind wired on with very thin wire and smoked with a lighted match for a moment will dispatch the job neatly. Thread or string will be gnawed off.

Spice cake or cookies will be much improved in flavor if coffee is added instead of other liquids.

Never throw sharp knives into the dishpan while washing dishes. The soapy water prevents one from seeing them and the hand is apt to be cut.

New enamel kitchen utensils should be greased inside with butter before using them. This prevents cracking and chipping.

Recipes

A GOOD CONSERVE: When the jellies give out in Spring, try a few glasses of this: 4 cups crushed pineapple, 2 cups sliced canned peaches, 2 cups red cherries, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated orange rind, (Turn to page 381)

Children's Corner

*Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict,
Ferdinand, Indiana*

"Who am I?"

YOU have heard your teacher tell about me, especially at First Communion time. I loved dear Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament so much. I longed to receive Him, but every one said that I was too young. When I was still a little girl I went to the convent, I wished to give my whole life to God. Every day I wanted more and more to receive Jesus into my heart. The holy bishop said, "You are too young, my child." When the sisters would go to Holy Communion I would tell Jesus how very much I wanted Him to come to me. One day I felt that my heart would break, I wanted Jesus so much. I said, "Dear sweet Jesus, please come to me." What do you think happened? A host floated through the air and stood over my head. The priest came and placed the host on my tongue. Oh, how happy I was to have our dear Lord within my heart. Over and over again, I begged Jesus never to leave me and to keep me always with Him. Dear Jesus answered my prayer, because when the good sisters came to call me they found that I was dead. I had gone home to God.

Who am I?.....

A Different Story

THE last day of Easter vacation was almost over, and mother had promised to tell Billy and Peggy a story after the evening chores were done.

The eager children were finished early, and Billy begged, "Tell us a story that will be different, mother."

"Oh," said Peggy, "One where the hero does something brave."

"I like brave stories," said Billy. "One where the hero dies to save someone, but I like

him to live happily ever after, too." Then he said wistfully, "I don't suppose that ever happened to anybody."

"One time it did," said mother. "I know of one who died for others, and then lived happily with them again."

"How wonderful," cried Billy. "Please tell us about him."

"His name is Jesus," mother began. "He is the Son of God."

"Oh, I remember about the Savior!" exclaimed Peggy. "He died on the cross to make up for our sins."

"Yes," said Billy, "and three days later He rose from the dead."

"That is right," said mother. "On the evening of His Resurrection Jesus came to His Apostles and said, 'Peace be to you. As the Father hath sent me, I also send you.' When He had said this He breathed on them, and He said to them: 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained.'"

"Oh," cried Billy. "That is just what Father Brown read last Sunday. He said sin was the only thing that can keep Jesus out of our souls, and that, when Jesus isn't in the soul, peace isn't there either."

"Correct," said mother. "Jesus thought of us, too, on that first Easter day. That is why He gave the Apostles, who were the first priests, power to forgive sins. Not only are our sins forgiven in the Sacrament of Penance, but besides we receive special graces which will help us fight sin in the future. By His sufferings and death and glorious resurrection, Christ had redeemed the human race. Once more man would be able to enjoy the union with God which our first parents experienced. The world had been waiting for this ever since the

time God had promised Adam and Eve that He would send a Redeemer. Never in all time could there be another such Hero."

"And just think," said Peggy. "Father read too, about an Apostle that wouldn't believe Christ had risen till Jesus let him put his finger into the wounds of the nails and his hand into the wound in the side. Then the apostle believed and said, 'My Lord and my God.'"

"That helps us to believe all the more," said mother. "When Thomas had made this act of faith, Jesus said, 'Because you have seen me, Thomas, you have believed. Blessed are those that have not seen and have believed.'"

"I'm always going to believe in Jesus and what He taught," said Billy. "He will always be my Leader."

"That isn't always just so easy, my boy," said mother. "But sometime soon you will receive the Sacrament of Confirmation, then you will be made a soldier of Christ. The Holy Ghost will help you become a strong and fervent Christian."

"Tell us some more about the things Jesus did after the Resurrection," urged Peggy.

"Jesus often came to His Apostles and encouraged them to prepare for the work they must do when He would be gone back to Heaven. Once when the Apostles had been out fishing all night and had returned to the shore, they found that Jesus had prepared breakfast for them and was waiting for them."

"That is just like He does for us every day in Holy Communion," exclaimed Peggy. "Every morning Jesus invites us to break our fast with the Bread he Has given us."

"Yes," said mother. "The days after the Resurrection were wonderful ones for the followers of Christ, and they are still for all who are united in His Mystical Body. During the days after Eastertide we are reminded of the triumph in which we share."

"The gospel next Sunday will tell us the story of the Good Shepherd, who gave His life for His sheep. Listen carefully and you will learn how loving and kind our victorious Shepherd really is, and how He longs for all His sheep to come to Him."

"And just think Jesus thought of us then, too, and wished to help us, too," said Billy. "He even made us His children in baptism and gave

us a good start on the way to heaven. I am going to try to live like He wills that I should, then I can show others the way, too."

"That is fine, Billy," said mother. "Then you will be like the Good Shepherd."

"Can little girls be like the Good Shepherd, mother?" asked Peggy.

"Surely," answered mother. "Jesus has something for each one of His children to do that will help others reach heaven. Remember St. Ursula who led so many other young maidens to heaven."

"St. Patrick was like the Good Shepherd, and so was Father Damien," chirped in Billy.

"Right again," replied mother. "I am very happy that God has given me two of His precious lambs to lead to heaven. Some other time I will tell you how Jesus prepared the Apostles for the Ascension and the Coming of the Holy Ghost. Now it is bedtime, and all good little lambs should go to sleep in the fold."

Find words in the story that will complete the sentences below.

1. Jesus is the Son of
2. By His sufferings and death Jesus redeemed the
3. died on the cross to make up for our sins.
4. Jesus gave the Apostles power to forgive
5. The Sacrament of gives us grace to fight against sin in the future.
6. The Good Shepherd gave His life for His
7. Every morning Jesus invites us to break our fast with the He has given us.

Recipes

(Continued on page 379)

2 tablespoons lemon juice, 6 cups sugar. Mix ingredients and boil gently for 35 minutes. Then pour into glasses and seal with paraffine.

CHEESE COOKIES: Cream $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. cream cheese with $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter and 1 cup sugar. Work in 1 cup flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped Brazil nuts. Shape dough into a roll about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, wrap in wax paper and chill over night in refrigerator. Next day, slice very thin and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) until cookies are light brown. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and cinnamon.

The Usher Loves the Bridesmaid

(Continued from page 374)

Dad with icy anger, "Jane are you suggesting—Marjory, my Marjory—that boy—necking—a parked car—" Dad's eyes had such a hurt disgusted look that I wished violently I had kept my mouth shut.

Mother said coolly, "Jane, that will be enough. Your father and I are already terribly upset." Sheepishly I got up to leave the table.

Mother's forehead was creased upward in wrinkles as she said appealingly to dad, "Frank, there must be something we can do to stop this. I think we better go over and see the MacRands again this evening."

Dad grunted a glum assent, staring worriedly beyond mother's head.

Reproachfully mother said, "But getting angry and making fun of them isn't going to help. They'll only feel abused. It's summer moon madness!"

"They're such young fools! Such young, young fools. I always thought my Marjory—" Mother lay down out on the terrace to rest a few minutes; it had been such a hot day, just like July instead of the first week of September. Dad's shoes gave an irritated slap, slap to the red tiles as he strode around her, muttering dismally. I went around to the front and sat on the stoop.

Everybody was coming out of their houses after dinner, and up and down the street the sun was caught in the swinging rays of the water flung by the sprinklers in the midst of the green lawns. Very faint, when a breeze whispered by, came the smell of hot earth of the flower beds, the trimmed lawns being dampened by the soft raying founts. It's the thrillingest of garden scents, I think.

Across the street Mrs. Carter was tying up her purple asters while Mr. Carter was vigorously spraying the rose trellises. Next door the goofy Burns kids were pounding down croquet wickets and arguing about how many feet apart they were supposed to be. Billy and Timmy Judd were pitching ball on their front lawn—mean old goops—they'd laughed themselves sick this morning when I fell off my bicycle into a pile of black earth for mother's garden that had been delivered in front of our house.

Suddenly I saw Mr. and Mrs. MacRand come strolling around the corner talking together so earnestly that stout little Mrs. MacRand stumbled wildly on our cobbled walk. Mr. MacRand gripped her elbow solicitously the rest of the way while I led them to mother and dad out on the side terrace.

Mother and dad exclaimed delightedly at seeing them. Dad pulled forth a striped canvas and metal chair for Mrs. MacRand where she could comfortably enjoy the long stretch of the garden. Our tall oaks, the bushes and flower beds seemed to be wrapped with gold mist under the long slanting rays of sunlight. I edged a pillow out of the couch-swing and quietly sat down on the stone steps leading to the garden.

Mr. MacRand looked sharply at mother, "You don't look at all well, madam. Too much worry. It's a damn shame. They'll drive us all to an early grave with their wild foolishness. Summer moon madness."

Mother smiling said she was so glad they had come over, that Frank and she were just planning to go to them.

Mr. MacRand's harsh voice continued, "Perhaps we were just as bad and kept our parents tossing in their beds at night just as much. But I doubt it; why Jimmy has been as touchy and irritable this summer as a—well, the only comparison I can remember is my roommate at college when he had four boils at one time on the back of his neck."

Mrs. MacRand is as plump, smooth and sweet as a crisp French roll. She shook her head rebukingly at her husband, "James, you know you have been cross as a bear yourself, with business worries." She smiled a bit apologetically at mother and dad, "I haven't been tactful either, with Jimmy this summer. I can't seem to keep myself from answering crossly when Jimmy begins talking about leaving college."

Mother looked astonished, "Leaving college?"

Mr. MacRand reiterated, "Yes, leaving college! And Mary and I have been having such a deuce of time keeping him there. But at least if we can't leave him any fortune he'll start out with as much as I had—a decent professional training." Morosely he dragged the long fingers of one hand through his thick gray hair. "And then he begins telling me about all the boy he's ever heard tell about in this state, and seventeen other states, who got married at

nineteen. And soon after were appointed Mayor of the town or some other damn nonsense! He makes me so mad I can't talk!"

Mrs. MacRand murmured smilingly that he made a very robust attempt at it!

(To be continued)

Personality Club

(Continued from page 375)

his big talk to see how he likes it. Nothing the matter with my work!"

Karve; "You would think his kid was the only kid in the block who knew anything. Ten years old in fourth grade—so what? I'm sick of hearing about the kid's keen marks and perfect papers. Ought to put him in a glass house on display. Don't see how our Joey can stand that kid."

Al; "My wife thinks everybody else's husband is better than I am. She always wants to go to the movies—always yelling about having to listen to (Western story) program—can't see why I don't get thrilled over the latest soap that turns every woman from a freak into a Helen of Troy! Can't suit them—these women."

Ann; "Bill always used to bring candy. He hasn't for two weeks. Wonder if he has a new girl—just like a man. He hasn't seemed so pleasant lately either. Hmm—that game can be played by two. Guess I can get someone else if I choose!"

A PRAYER

Take me my God, and keep me as Your own. Guard me from the passing phantoms of a foolish world. Grant that I love You always—and then do with me as You will.—F. P. Le Buffe.

Query Corner

(Continued from page 377)

Besides these Congregations, the Roman Curia also comprises three tribunals or courts: the Sacred Penitentiary, which deals chiefly with matters of conscience, the Sacred Roman Rota, the lower court for public cases, and the Apostolic Signatura, the supreme court of appeals for matters of a public nature. There are likewise three special offices in the Curia, the Apostolic Chancery, the Apostolic Datary, and the Apostolic Camera, each of which has particular duties to perform. To these may be added the Secretariate of State, over which presides the Cardinal Secretary of State, who is the immediate adviser and assistant of the Supreme Pontiff in the government of the Church.

Books Received

Our Lady of Tears, by Father Gereon Stach, C.M.M., is a brochure depicting Mary in her role of Queen of Seven Swords. The author's purpose is to enkindle devotion for our *Suffering Mother*; hence he points out for us the occasions of grief which Mary experienced during the tragic events of the life of her Son. Then, too, as the Church is the Mystical Body of Christ, Mary exercises a special watchfulness over it. When the Church is persecuted, Christ is persecuted; and when Christ suffers, Mary is in throes. Mary, as our *Sorrowful Mother*, easily obtains favours for us from God when we have recourse to her intercession in this role. The author illustrates his doctrine by many examples anent famous Shrines erected to Mary and favors attributed to her. The booklet is enhanced by the addition of many beautiful pictures.

Published by Mariannahill Mission Society, Detroit, Mich. W. P.

Sacred Heart Manual—The Spirit of the First Friday, by Rev. Irenaeus Schoenherr, O. F. M., contains the deep dogmas surrounding the devotion to the Sacred Heart expressed in simple, beautiful language which can easily be grasped and appreciated by every type of reader. Part I contains readings for the first Friday of each month and for the Feast of the Sacred Heart, Part II, special devotional exercises in honor of the Sacred Heart, Part III, general devotions for all occasions. Catholic Book Publishing Co., 257 West 17th Street, New York. Prices, .85, 1.10, 1.35, 2.10.

Children's Reparation to Their Mother, A Plea for Justice to Mary, by a West Indian Bishop. Central Bureau Press, St. Louis, Mo., price ten cents.

Our Scholarships

MOTHER OF GOD SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$4086.72. Mrs. J. B., Ill., \$1; Mrs. C. S., O., \$1. Total: \$4088.72.

ST. JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3696.09. Total: \$3696.09.

ST. BENEDICT SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3688.96. Total: \$3688.96.

ST. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3411.64. Total: \$3411.64.

Grail Building Fund

Ohio: J. K., \$1.

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